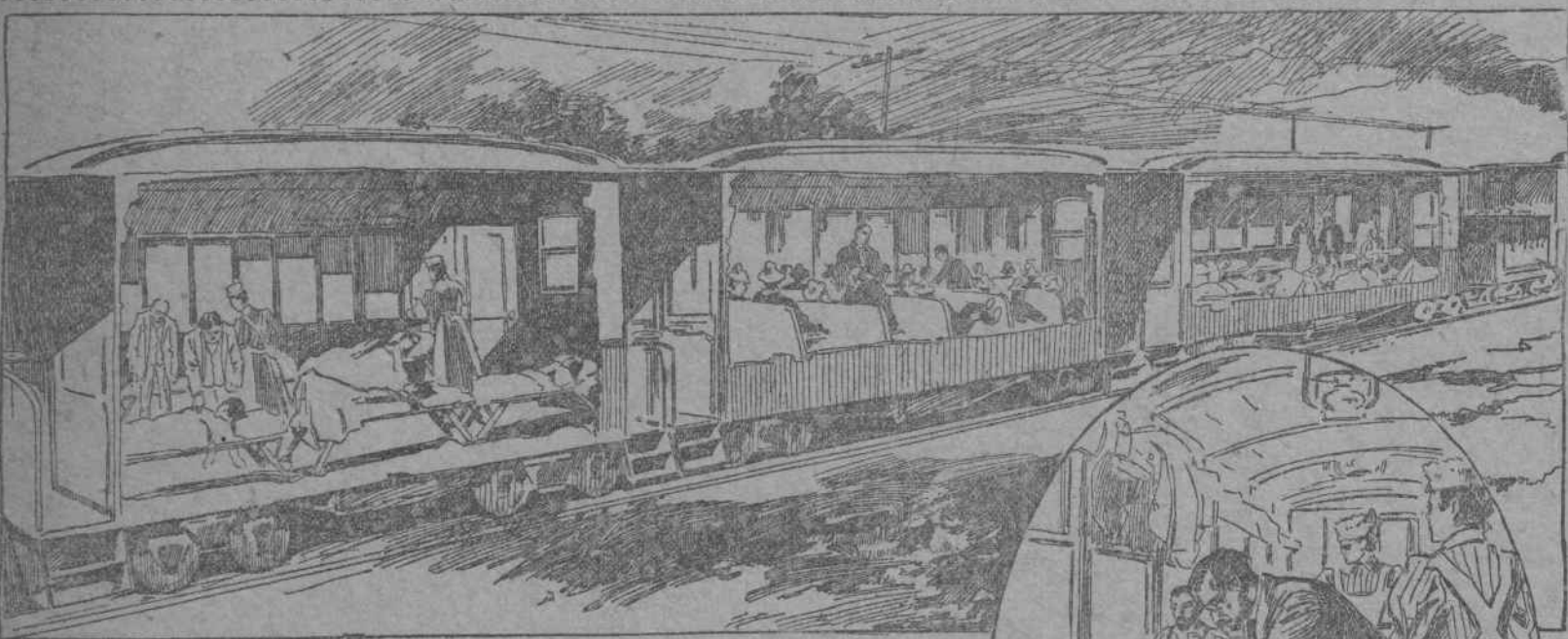


ANIA'S SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HER SOLDIERS.



man on the Mississippi, no matter what State he may be from, or whether he be a volunteer or regular," said Dr. French. "We shall feed every one on the transport who wishes food, and give medical attention and medicine to all the sick. In addition to this we shall take charge of the sick Pennsylvanians and furnish them transportation to their homes, and all the food, medicine, care and expert nursing they may need on the way. The Government will furnish the transportation for the well ones, but we shall not pass them by because they are well. They shall have all the good things that we have brought with us."

The eagerness of the friends of the returning soldiers to get them to their homes was explained by another member of the committee, who said it was feared the men would suffer needlessly if sent to Camp Meade. The arrangements to take them home immediately on their arrival was made before it was known that the Government had no intention of sending them to Camp Meade.

Some of Philadelphia's most popular soldiers are on the Mississippi. There is Battery A, commanded by Captain Warburton, of the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph, for instance. Then there are the First City, the Governor's and the Sheridan troops, 200 officers and men a pl. Bat-

teries A, B and C have between them 174 officers and men on the transport.

In addition to these Philadelphia soldiers the Mississippi is bringing 184 members of Troops A and C of the New York Volunteer Cavalry, and six officers of other commands.

Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, expected up to the last moment to come to New York with the hospital train, but was called to Camp Meade, at Middletown, Pa., on urgent business. He sent his private secretary on a later train to represent him at the welcoming of the troops and to accompany them to Philadelphia.

Dr. French was much impressed by the reports of unsanitary conditions at Chickamauga. He would not discuss them, but of Camp Meade, of which he has personal knowledge, he said:

"We have perfect sanitary arrangements there. The camp is what is called the Young Farm, one of the most salubrious sites in Pennsylvania. The use of it was offered to the Government by Mrs. J. M. Young, absolutely without cost. More than 10,000 troops are now there. We have excellent water, but we do not trust to that, for the National Relief Commission has established there a plant for boiling water. An immense boiler was erected 14 feet long, 8 feet wide and 6 inches deep, the capacity being 600 gallons—and at no time has there not been boiled water for every one. There is not a single case of typhoid here, although it originated at Camp Meade. There are many typhoid patients there now, but they are all cases imported from Southern camps."

"No, there is nothing to complain about at Camp Meade."

BYERS VS. CHILDS AT THE LENOX A. C.

Tom O'Rourke Decides to Hold His Shows on Wednesday Evenings in Future.

Tom O'Rourke has decided to try Wednesday as boxing nights for the Lenox Athletic Club and will give that night its first trial next week, when he will present a heavy weight contest between George Byers, of Boston, and Frank Childs, of Chicago. This pair are scheduled for twenty rounds at 155 pounds, and as they are both big, strong, husky fellows, a great bout should result.

The preliminary will find Jim Burroughs, of Brooklyn, and Tony Drew, the Boston cyclone, in the corners. They are scheduled to box ten rounds at 145 pounds.

Future dates at the Lenox Athletic Club are:

September 14—Sammy Kelly vs. Johnny Murphy, of Boston, twenty rounds at 115 pounds.

September 20—Casper Leon vs. Steve Flanagan, of Philadelphia, twenty rounds at 110 pounds.

October 7—"Mysterious Billy" Smith vs. Charley McKeser, of Philadelphia, twenty-five rounds at 145 pounds, for the welter weight championship.

ACID EXPLOSION WRECKS A STORE.

Druggist Rookow Left a Carboy on a Gas Stove and It Blew Up.

The drug store of Rookow & Tick, at One Hundredth street and Lexington avenue, was wrecked by the explosion of a five-pound carboy of carbolic acid yesterday morning. An unknown customer was blown through the door and a clerk, Henry Laborth, was thrown violently against a showcase. Neither was seriously injured. The damage to the store was \$4,000.

Mr. Rookow had placed the carboy on a gas stove in the rear of the store to heat it, preparatory to making a solution. He had left it for a moment when it exploded. All the windows and bottles in the store were shattered, some of the glass cutting passengers on a passing cable car as well as pedestrians on the street.

Mad Negro Hit a Pedestrian.

Mad with liquor, Samuel Mitchell, a powerfully built negro, ran down Tenth avenue yesterday morning like a dog and trying to bite those in his way. He hit William Durkin, of No. 223 West 12th street, and was subdued after a struggle by a policeman. He was taken to court heavily bound.

Love Meant Death to This Man.

Peter Peterson, a Brooklyn hotel porter, killed himself with a pistol yesterday because pretty Selma Severson, who lives at No. 480 Warren street, had broken up with him. He left a letter in which he said he hoped to meet her in heaven. He was twenty-eight years old.

CORBETT KNOWS, BUT WON'T TELL.

Says, However, That Brady Doesn't Know What's the Matter with Him.

A HARD DAY'S TRAINING.

The Ex-Champion Puts in a Long and Varied Period of Work.

Asbury Park, Sept. 9.—Jim Corbett landed at his training quarters at 10:45 this morning in company with Steve O'Donnell, after a six-mile run from Long Branch without showing the slightest effects of the long sprint, and immediately set to work exercising with the one-pound dumbbells. He kept at this for ten minutes, and then tackled the wrist machine, working that for another ten minutes. This done, the big fellow and "Connie" McVey wrestled around the big mat for ten minutes more, when McVey cried "quite."

Up to this time Corbett had kept incessantly at work, never halting for a moment, and showing but the slightest indication of fatigue or need for bellows mending. This closed the morning's work, and Jim then took to his hose sprinkling out in which his trainers thoroughly doused him for fully five minutes, after which he threw himself on his cot for the usual rub-down and massage treatment.

While this part of Corbett's toilet was being attended to he was again approached by the Journal representative regarding Brady's allusions to the differences existing between them. It was evident that "Gentleman Jim" felt loath to discuss the subject, but finally said:

"I will say this much, Brady thinks he knows what is the matter with me, but he doesn't. Nobody knows but myself just what the matter is, and I will tell Brady that he will know it from my lips before the newspapers do. I never did an unmanly act since I was born, and I guess it's too late in my lifetime now to begin."

LOOPHOLE FOR TROLLEY KINGS.

Overworked Employees Find No Relief in the Present Ten-Hour Measure.

The grievances of the men employed by the Brooklyn trolley kings are enlisting general sympathy. All who travel on electric cars have noted the effect of the present system on the motormen. Men who should be in the prime of life are becoming prematurely aged and careworn, trying to keep up their schedule time, so as not to lose any of their meagre wages and at the same time avoid accidents. At the end of each day's work the faces of the men are drawn and haggard.

An effort was made by a Journal reporter yesterday to have President Rossiter, of the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company, answer the complaints of his men. The lines of that company gridiron the greater part of Brooklyn and do an enormous business. The grievances of the men on this system are known to every observing person who travels on those lines, and public sympathy with the men is growing.

President Rossiter was very busy, the

reporter was told, when he had stated the line upon which he wished to interview him. Then a messenger brought word that if written questions were submitted Mr. Rossiter would answer them. So these questions were sent in, a space being left after each for the answer:

The men say that they are afraid to make any complaints for fear they will be discharged. Is this so?

The men say the ten-hour law is violated. Is this so?

The men say they are afraid to speak to reporters for fear they may find their spotters in disguise, and say that even saloons are watched. Is this so?

They say the company cannot get enough men because the company wants men of intelligence and ability, and that the men having the qualifications are not willing to take the responsibility at \$2 per day. Is this so?

The company is careful about employing men, and will employ none who they think are labor leaders for fear they will begin to organize the men. Is this so?

The messenger took these questions to Mr. Rossiter's private office. They proved apparently a tougher nut to crack than President Rossiter intended. After a long wait the messenger came out and said:

"Mr. Rossiter has nothing to say."

The list of questions was based on the statements of hundreds of employees, who say they only ask fair play. Mr. Rossiter's silence, after his expressed willingness to answer any questions put, was peculiar. He did not deny any of the statements.

The ten-hour law, under which the Brooklyn trolley men work, will have to be amended here if it is of any use to them. Like many other laws drawn in the interests of workers, it has loopholes through which the employers can escape. President Rossiter, of the Borough of Brooklyn, who has expressed sympathy for the trolley

employees, said yesterday afternoon:

"An attempt was made after the strike of the Brooklyn trolley men to have President Norton, of the Nassau Electric Company, indicted for violation of the ten-hour law. No indictment was rendered, as it was held that the law could not interfere in the case of individual contracts."

"The law will have to be amended if the trolley employees are to get relief. A State law might be passed by which these corporations, as corporations, should be prevented from compelling their men to work more than ten hours a day."

As to the charges that the motormen have to go at a higher rate of speed than the law allows in order to keep to their schedule time, and so earn a full day's wages, the law covers that ground. After the trolley strike there were several inspectors appointed to look after this. The result was the arrest of those believed to be responsible for this violation of the law. These were fined. I believe these special inspectors have been done away with."

Regarding the trolley men themselves, Mr. Grant said: "Any one riding on a trolley car toward the close of a motorman's day can notice the drawn, careworn look on his face. I have noticed that a motorman is scared and worried if any one speaks to him, as he does not want to have his attention diverted from his work."

Hundreds of trolley employees seen yesterday were anxious for the Journal to investigate their grievances. At one of the depots of the Nassau Electric Road the trippers said they were often twenty hours on duty.

Kaiser's Son Has Diphtheria.

Berlin, Sept. 9.—Prince August Wilhelm, the fourth son of Emperor William, is suffering from diphtheria. The younger children have been quarantined, and the Emperor alone remains at the New Palace with the patient.

BOLON FINISHED IN TEN ROUNDS.

Oscar Gardner Knocked Out the Colored Lad at the Lenox A. C.

BLOW IN THE STOMACH.

Two Freak Bantams Furnish Sport in the Preliminary Bout.

By Charles F. Mathison.

Sam Bolon, being completely outclassed and overmatched by Oscar Gardner, proved an easy victim for the Omaha man at the Lenox Athletic Club last night. Gardner landed a left hand punch in the pit of Bolon's stomach in the tenth round, which sent the negro to the floor. He was counted out and carried to his corner, limp as a rag, where he recovered upon the application of restoratives.

Bolon was not in the fight at any stage of the game, and the blows he landed on Gardner had no effect whatever. Gardner was on top of Bolon from the sound of the gong till the knockout blow, and gave him a number of body blows that took away all his vigor. They were scheduled to box twenty-five rounds at 124 pounds.

George Ross, of New York, is very short, white-skinned and weighs 105 pounds; Kid Harris, of Chicago, is dark-skinned, skeleton in construction and a foot taller than Ross. Mr. Harris also scales 105 pounds and has the additional distinction of being a member of Professor James De Forest's string of thumpers. They fought in the preliminary round.

Mr. Ross and his friends held the belief that the slender kid was in the nature of a piece of pie. To the disgust of the Ross faction, Mr. Kid Harris was as troublesome as a barbed wire fence. Harris refused to be knocked out and on the countering landed Ross's nose to a crimson pulp, covered by a patch of stiff rebellious hair. A prominent nose and square jaw complete his rather fierce exterior.

His opponent, Sam Bolon, a coffee-colored negro of New York, wore a sand-papered head and a look of reflectiveness.

Gardner is not a showy boxer. He walked straight to Bolon, got within arm's reach and started for him to a crimson pulp, covered by a patch of stiff rebellious hair. He could do nothing but cuff Gardner on the neck, whereupon the Omaha man unhooked a left swing that grazed the negro's hand. Gardner continued these tactics throughout, and he permitted Bolon to land quite a number of disagreeable thumps for the purpose of getting an opening.

The Westerner well-nigh landed several times with discouraging force, but not till the fifth did Gardner land a really effective blow. Feeling with the left, Gardner drove the right to the pit of the stomach with terrific force. Mr. Bolon knelt his brows in apprehension and made a jack-knife move with his body, but he straightened up and prepared for the next blow. It came in the sixth round, when Gardner sent Bolon's head back with a right and then with a left on the jaw sent Bolon to the floor, where he remained for nine seconds.

In the seventh and eighth rounds Gardner pursued Bolon about the ring, the latter being a number of feet behind Gardner's face, but they seemed to have absolutely no effect on the white boy. Gardner staggered Bolon in the ninth round with a right poke in the body. Bolon fell on his face after a blow in the stomach in the tenth round and was counted out.

BOY SHOT BY A GIRL PLAYMATE.

Children Were Looking at a Revolver When It Was Discharged.

Mamie Marsh, ten years old, of No. 21 Bank street, and Hazel Blakeley, nine years old, who boarded at the Marsh home, were playing in a bedroom yesterday when they found a revolver under a pillow. The girl picked it up and while the children were examining the weapon it was discharged, the bullet going through the boy's head. He was taken to St. Barnabas Hospital, where the physicians say he will die.

JERSEYMEN RIOT IN FREE MELONS.



FROM one end of Jersey City to the other the inhabitants are filled with remorse and melon seeds. The greatest melon debauch on record was in progress there yesterday, and to-day the death rate is on the increase.

One hundred carloads of melons, mostly watermelons, were given away, and consumed in less than half a day. While the jubilee raged the gutters ran with over-ripe juice and whole bottles were paved with rinds with tooth marks on them.

The fruit came from California, the shipper paying freight at the rate of \$200 a trainload. The consignments reached Jersey freight yards in a bunch, and in consequence the melon market took a slump. As the melons would soon be the entire lot. Then the railway grew generous. It ordered even open and invited the public to get melons free of charge.

boys actually ate their way from car to car, leaving a wake of juicy ruin.

Being in on the ground floor the railroad men had first choice. They stored away many cases of the unsalable product of the West, but even at that the public did not get left. Those who had relatives hauled crates of cantaloupe and watermelons to happy homes and called in the neighbors.

Others staggered beneath the weight of a load that would break the back of an Italian boy in the climbing wood cases. A few brought baskets, which were less unwieldy than crates, and transferred the green and yellow treasures.

Thousands of the melons were eaten at the railroad station, and many were shipped to a Patterson firm from Rockport, N. J. The melons arrived two days late, the consignor refused to accept them, and the fruit was shipped by the Jersey City and



This is the second lot of Ripans Tabules I have sent for, and I have bought quite a few boxes from our near-by druggist, and almost all of them I have given to friends, knowing that the Tabules are a sure cure for that full feeling or indigestion. I gave a few boxes to a friend a week or so ago who I know suffered very much from indigestion, and this lot of Ripans Tabules is for him. He feels that he could not get along without the Tabules since trying them. I tell every one that Ripans Tabules are almost indispensable around a house.

A new style packed containing THE RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 Tabules) can be had by mail by sending fifty-cent coin to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—on a single carton (120 Tabules) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at liquor stores and barbers shops.



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As guaranteed by mail, \$1 a box, six for \$5; with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Sample packages, containing full directions, will be sent by mail, 25 cents. One sample only sold to each person. At store or by mail.

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